NOT AS WE WAGE IT

TANK BREAKS SPEED LAWS

Caterpillars Fail to Turn, But That Isn't Enough to Stop Armored Terror

Special Correspondence of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, May 9.—Those American-made war-dramas must be giving the folks back home a swell idea of what The War isn't like. They go big over here, proving the Englishman's conten-tion that he, too, has a sense of hu-

Up at that picture place in Tottenham Op at that picture place in lottermain Court-road where there's always a Chaplin film of venerable age and flick-ery action, they trotted out a five-recier today called "On to Berlin."

William Fox is accused of producing "On to Berlin."

"On to Berlin."
The villam twirls his mustache and the hero, as usual, wears his flamed shirt carelessly open clear down to his belt buckle in regular hero fashion, so you can see him indute his chest till it sticks out like he'd swallowed a buschest state.

it sticks out like he'd swallowed a bus-ketball.

An audience with a bunch of war-wiseguys in it can tolerate the old dramatic flubial on the ground that the theatrical business is entitled to its own little tricks. But it was when Wil-liam Fox put the super-athlete, super-daredevil and super-soldier through his military paces that the soldiers in the place began to wonder whether Fox was trying to kid them or meant this as an on-the-level film.

How Not to Do It

How Not to Do It

For Paul Mordaunt's first stunt Mr. Fox had him throw some hand-grenades. First of all, the villatin, a captain, tried it. He couldn't boost his egg more than ten yards. And no wonder, because the action of the piece compelled him to throw like a girl.

Paul, however, steps up and grabs a hand-grenade.

"Oh, gawd" groaned a Chicago Canadian. "Look at that grenade, will you? Size of an ostrich egg."

The Maple-leafer offered a free the to American producers for their guidance in future war films. The grenade is about the size and shape of a pear and you never throw it but hurl it, because you will sang your elbow to splinters if you try to throw them, especially Paul's size the way Paul did it. Well, next there was a tank. This was certainly the Silvers of the whole tank circus. Both ends were "front." The funny design worldn't have caused too much mirth: it was, when the tank began to charge that the boys from Festubert and Messines howled for the author.

One turn of the erank and ——zip!

author.

One turn of the crank and —— zip!
That old tank raced right out of the
pleture, going like a Fifth Avenue hus.
And the caterpillars were stock-still,
not turning a saule treat.

Well, let's see, what else?

Hard to Recognize Tommies

Hard to Recognize Tommles

Oh, yes; the Russian general not his share of laughs when he crached into the scene wearing an American officers barracks cap and a cosmopolitan kind of coat. The British Tommles in the crowd failed at first to recognize their brother Tommles of the film, the latter being camouflaged under the wrong kind of a trench hat. These helmets were recognizable as being French, or at least more like the French iron millinery.

Once or twice some American ambulancers raced on to a nice smooth lattlefield with a great big Stars and Stripes and Tricolor flying at the stern of each car. Out of special consideration for Paul's rank as star of the piece, one car made a special trip for him, leaving lots of other wounded lying about the ground, although there was room in the car for at least tour more. And anyway, if they had waited a minute, Paul could have walked in because, as it developed later, all he had was a headnehe—or maybe it was a hangover.

Just Like Old Times

Just Like Old Times

There were Boches wearing spiked helmots in this day when the enemy trougs have been wearing their distinctive style of steel helmots for a comple of years Soldiers were shown in action without hoir gas masks at the alert position. No, by, golly, they didn't have any masks at all.

A German prince is shown leading his men into a regular dog-fight of a street battle and presumably shouting "Hoch!" or "Bock!"

or "Bock"

The Crown Price will feel flattered it he sees this part because they do say he never takes chances nearer the line than division If. Q.

Paul is the fair-haired boy to foot them.

Paul is the fair-haired boy to fool them all. He manages to go right through our own lines (this is the West Front, too) and through the German ranks, going at least 75 miles an hour on a lathery hoss without ever seeing a German except the Prince, who is abducting the pretty nurse in an automobile. Paul shins up a tree in broad day, climbs into the win dow of the Prince's bedroom and shoots him.

m. It seems that the sentries they usually have around a Prince's place are all out in back of the studio shooting craps when this part of the film is made. Anyway, they let Paul get by without the slight-

So they'll probably be courtmartialed

and executed.

And it will serve them right, too, because it, would be a shame to let every body connected with "On to Berlin" get off without purishment.

MASONIC CLUB OPENED

The first Masonic club to be opened in the A.E.F. is maintaining "open house" in the vicinity of A.P.O 708 and according to word sent out to the Masons in the A.E.F., is worth any trouble occasioned in the search of it. It is in a one story stone building and in a constitution of the search of t out to the Masons in the A.E.F., is worth any trouble occasioned in the search of il. It is in a one story stone building and includes a well fitted assembly reom with a real piano and writing, card and committee rooms. It is open from 6 to 10 P. M. daily and from noon on Sundays.

The club was dedicated recently. The attendance was almost four hundred and canvas leggings mingled in the nudience with bars, leaves and stars. There was music by a military band and a buffet luncheon.

Colonel ——, in his speech of dedication, said:

and a builet luncheon.

Colonel ——, in his speech of dedication, said:

"We will be very glad to receive among us any non-Masons who have a real desire in their hearts to carry out, or assist in carrying out, the very high principles of Freemasonry."

TWO LITTLE HUN VICTIMS AND THEIR STORY



Susanne Vicart

Another typical example of the bru-lality practiced by the Germans against he innocent residents of the invaded listricts of Northern France was disclosed recently when the American Red (ross investigated the case of a desti-uite grand-nother and her four grand-children whom they found homeless and

inte grandmother and her four grandchildren whom they found homeless and
penniless.

The family name of the children is
Vicart. Rendered homeless by the first
than onrush in 1914, they have suffered
most of the terrors that the Boche could
contrive and the war produce.

The Vicart family consisted of a
mother, father and four children. They
lived happily in a little village near the
Blegdan frontier. With them resided the
was a foreman in a brasserie.

When the Germans began their bratai
finvasion of Beleian in 1914 the father
was a foreman in a brasserie.

When the Germans began their bratai
finvasion of Beleian in 1914 the father
done ountry. Soon after he had left the
fermans overran and partially destroyed the village. The entire population was removed to Belgium and held
in a camp for a month when, in groups
and under gnard, they were removed
and distributed over captured territory
to till the soil.

The grandfather of the children died.
The mother, her children and their
farandmother, contrived to keep together

and were detailed to work a farm from twhich the owners had fled. The mother befriended a French reservist who was a fagility from the Germans. For a year she kept him secreted in a cellar, skimpling the scanty allowance of herself and her children to give him food.

Eventually the reservist was discovered. The mother was sentenced to death. Then, as if to show that they were capable of even greater cruelty, the Germans denied either the grandimother was too old and the children too young to work on the land, sent them into France.

It was not for months after they got to France that they learned the mother was living and that the sentence had been commuted. She now is in the Holzminden prison camp. The father still is at the front. He has been fighting throughout the war.

The difficulties of the Vicart family have been partially solved by including two of the children in the mascet adoption plan of THE STARS AND STRIPES, thus insuring them, at least, of the necessities of life for a year.

Marcl, aged 6, has been adopted by the Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8, and his younger sister, Suzanne, by Licut. John P. Healy of the Air Service.

"WATCH YOUR STEP" HIS MOTTO NOW

Under Best Regulated Censorship, Accidents Will Happen

This is what Jimmy, back home, go

from Hank, over here:
"Dear little girl--You certainly were
the finest and nicest and sweetest thing the miest and miest and sweetest thing in the world to send me those sooks—and to think that you knit them all yourself, I tell you, a fellow appreciates things like that when they're done for him with such a spirit, and" etc. etc., etc.

"Well, it's getting late, little girl, and they will soon put the lights out. There is a bombardment on outside, but don't mind it a bit while I'm thinking of you. I can shut my eyes and see hist how you looked that day at the Sunday School picule out at Quaker Lake.

Sunday School picule out at Quaker Laike.

"No more tonight: I am writing regular here in the "Y.M." tent, every week, and hope you get my letters as regular on the other side of the big bond. You don't know what your letters mean to me, in keeping me 'bucked mp,' as we say in the Army, and everything. God bless and keep you! As ever yours, HEXRY." X X X X X X X X X "O.K., I. Knowitt Hall, 2nd Lt., Inf., U.S.R."

"He's dory." snorted Jimmy, when he read it. "Must have had shell shock or something to get that way. Of all the slush----

the slush——.

This is what Kitty, back home, got rom Henry, over here:
"Gee, Jinmy, but you ought to have been with us on the party we pulled ayday night! Wow! I never had so such fun since I've been over here. All of us polled down two or three months ay as the Eagle hadn't been around hese parts for a long time, and we all load rolls that would have choked a horse. We went down into town on a truck and I guess we bought up every blooming thing that there was there, and then some. And we ran into a fining, red-headed guy in a cafe who was a ventriloquist and who had the M.P. ontside there just honey calling him had everything and then throwing his voice out and calling him back out again. Funny? I never saw the beat of him! and he could sing, too! beat of him! and he could sing, too! the had one peach that went: (Song is smitted.)

ith had one peach that went: (Song is emitted.)

"After that we all got back to our liggings and started in some sesh with the old bones. I cleaned the Top and my corporal, rolled 'em out of everything they had and they both have loncevity pay, too. And next week I draw leave, with all that mazuma for massaging a perfectly good trench thirst and everything. Oh, boy! I guess I won't look zood to these French jaues when I flash that roll. Some of them are knockouts for looks, too—better than any you see in the States. With best wishes and boping to hear from you soon. I am. Yours, IfANK."

"OK. I Knowlit Hall.

2nd Lt., Inf., U.S.R."

What Kitty said when she got that cannot be put down here. Kitty is a lady. When she finished that missive. She was a very red-eyed and snuffling little lady. She is yet, whenever she thinks of it.

The moral? It's obvious. "One envelope open at a time."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Tears filled the soldier's eyes,
Though brave and true was he,
For he was peeling onions
By the hour on K.P.

It happens that the German commander directly opposed to one of our machine gun batteries is an old acquaintance of the commanding colonel's. The German, years ago, was a military attache at the same place where the colonel was stationed.

"He hasn't bothered us much lately," said the colonel, the other day. "He knows I'm on this side, and he probably says to himself German words to this effect: 'Hell, it's not worth while bothering about that dub So-and-So."

Rosy-checked, clean, looking as though he were ready to stroll into the Black-stone or the Ritz or the St. Francis to afternoon tea, a young private stood over the Salvation Army stove turning donehaus. It was not far from the front line trenches, and the town was well shelled.

This young man turns doughnuts ev-

This young man turns doughnuts every day for one Army, and goes into the trenches every night for the other. He rays he likes to do it, and that he doesn't need much sleep. He was asked about his previous occupation.
"I used to be a truck driver in Hartford," he said, pronouncing it Haaht'd, in the manner of the native Nutmeg,"

TONSORIAL EXPERTS E. PHALEN & J. McMORROW

SO SAY WE ALL OF US

"the wrote a popular song entitled, When the Sanmies Sail over the Sea."
"Thass enough," bellowed Satan.
"Shoot him onto the griddle with the southern expesure and phone the jani-tor to turn on more juice. There are some things even the devil can't stand for."

STORIES OF THE LORRAINE LINE

This young man turns doughnuts ev

Along came the second lieutenant, whistling, whistling, whistling, Cadenzas he manipulated in the grandest coloratura style.

Along came the colonel.

"Lieutenant," said the colonel, "just because you're between gold bars is no reason to imagine yourself a canary."

Sign in the Lorraine district: "YE BEAUTY SHOP"

Satan was in a forgiving mood.

"What did this bird do?" he queried.

"He burned down an orphan asylum and operated a wholesale opium joint," replied the furnace superintendent.

"Let him go—he may be all right at heart. How about this poor zob?"

"He lynched four innocent negroes, started a revolution in Hayti, and—"

"You sub demons are too blamed fussy. And that goof sneaking back into the corner?"

"He wrote a nounlar song entitled.

PRISONER AT FIRST, THEN GUEST OF TOWN American Aviator in Italy

Finds Brand New Thrill

in Flying Game

in Flying Game

One American aviator knows just how it feels to land in enemy country and be arrested and jailed as a prisoner of war. He didn't actually land in Germany or Austria to get the thrill, either. It happened in Italy.

The airman, a native of Philadelphia, was making a prescribed distance dight from an Italian training field with a low mountain peak as his objective for a turning point. He was traveling high with clouds below him most of the way. When he reached the peak he became confused and misread his compass. Instead of making a half turn he made a full circle and continued straight ahead. About the time he thought he must be getting back near the training field he descended several thousand feet for a close look at the country. It was unfamiliar. He continued until his gasoline ran low and then made a landing in a small valley. No sooner was he on the ground, though, than he was surrounded by a threatening crowd of Italians armed with pitchforks, other agricultural implements and antiquated fire arms. His protest that he was an American was unheeded. They assumed he was an Austrian aviator who had lost his way, and led him off to jail. It was not until an Italian from a nearby village who had lived in New York appeared that the American established his identity. But, after he had proven who he was the honored guest of the town. The mayor entertained him for a week while the American wated for gasoline and a truck to tow his machine to a starting ground.

WAR RISK WINS AGAIN

FRENCH WAR POSTERS

Do not fail to call and see the B Collection in Paris, or send francs for 12 choice ones, post f BRENTANO'S, 37 Ave. de l'Opera, PARIS

MACDOUGAL & CO.

ARNOLD SAMERICAN
MILITARY
TAILORS **PARIS**

ARIS Corner Rue Scribe
Orders Executed in 48 Hours. Our services at the disposal of American Officers requiring information of any description.



Unsurpassable for Burning, Swollen, Tired or Aching Feet HENRY C. QUELCH
AND CO.
Ludgate Square. COMAR ET CIE.

E. FOUGERA & CO. Inc.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO

11 Rue Scribe, PARIS

TOURS: 8 Bd. Béranger. HAVRE: 43 Quai d'Orléans. BORDEAUX: 3 Cours de Gourgue. MARSEILLES: 9 Rue Beauvau.

GENERAL BANKING FACILITIES AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

The COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE DE PARIS will accept at its offices throughout France 'REMITTANCES FOR UNITED STATES & CANADA
TO BE FORWARDED BY MAIL OR CABLE
FOR PAYMENT BY

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY

HOSPITAL NO PLACE FOR TANK ASPIRANT

Corporal Who Wanted to Go Home Had Different Idea From Surgeon's

Idea From Surgeon's

The personnel training for the work of the Tank Corps is apparently developing the Tank Corps is apparently developing the Tank Corps tradition of "getting there" regardless of speed and obstacles.

A corporal of the corps, who was mached up in an accident a few days ago and taken to a hospital for treatment, announced to the surgeon and the nurses as soon as his leg was in its case that he wanted to go home. The surgeon and nurses have heard similar requests before, and did not respond to the Tank corporal's plea. He then informed the nurse confidentially that he was "going home" anyway and was going to start that night.

The next morning Corporal—was missing from his cot. So were his crutches and his clothing. He was heard from at "home," which in his case was the removated stable where his particular Tank Corps unit was at work. The stable is 20 miles away from the hospital, and Corporal—had made it on crutches after walking all night and all the next day through deep mud and incessant rain.

'MODERN OPTICAL Co.'

OPTICIENS SPÉCIALISTES pour la VUE N. QUENTIN, Directeu 5 Boulevard des Italiens, PARIS, 10% Reduction to Americans.



Home Service

American Soldiers

21 Avenue des Champs-Elysées
PARIS

MRS. ALICE S. WEEKS,
Director,
Fred from 9 arms to 7 p.m.
Free Of Charge.

NELSON'S CONTINENTAL LIBRARY

For Sale on the Continent only.

HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF THE TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

The Best and the Newest Novels by the foremost British and American Authors are issued regularly in this Collection immediately after their publication.

OUTSTANDING FEATURES OF THIS SERIES.

PRICE: 2frs. 50 NET.

Each Novel Complete, and ISSUED IN ONE VOLUME.

Clear Type, Printed on EXCELLENT PAPER. The Volumes are
CUT READY FOR READING.



JUST OUT.

SONIA No. 37. By STEPHEN McKENNA.

THE LEOPARD WOMAN By STEWART EDWARD WHITE. THE FORTUNES OF GARIN

By MARY JOHNSTON. A FAR COUNTRY By WINSTON CHURCHILL.

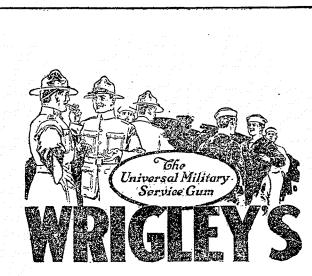
WRITE FOR COMPLETE LIST

MANAGARA MANAGARANA

NELSON'S POPULAR LIBRARIES

On Sale all over France, at all Bookseilers' and Railway Bookstalls

EDITIONS NELSON 189 Rue Saint-Jacques, PARIS.



The use of WRIGLEY'S by the fighting men has created much comment in war correspondence.

Even before American soldiers and sailors landed, the British. Canadian and French forces had adopted WRIGLEY'S as their wartime sweetmeat.

And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart boys are hitting the line, WRIGLEY'S Is a very noticeable ally of the Allies.



L. Gros. Imprimeur-Gérant. 36, Rue du Sentier, Paris, krinting Office of the Continental "Daily Mail," Ltd.